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"The Weather of the Soul"

BY M. H. LICHLITER

But ye believe not because ye are not of my sheep. My sheep hear my voice and I know them, and they follow me. John 10:26, 27.

THAT was disconcerting, to say the least. Here were a lot of religious leaders rejecting a more spiritual interpretation of the ancient faith. They had plenty of reasons for not accepting Jesus as the Messiah, but with simple directness Jesus cut through their defense complexes with incisive common sense. You do not believe because you do not belong to me. You are not of my sheep. There are no spiritual affinities between us. You do not know me as the sheep know their shepherd. My sheep hear my voice and they follow me."

That is not the way the average man among us explains his lack of faith. He is prone to embellish his unbeliefs. He dresses them up with a gaudy rationalization. Haven't you heard men explain their lack of interest in religion on the ground that they were compelled to go to church when they were young? Aside from the implied insult to the memory of a father and mother who coveted the best things for them, it is an explanation which does not explain. Some men assure us that they remain outside the church because they cannot believe what the church says they must believe. They quite overlook the fact that there are many churches which make no creedal demands, which actually welcome differences of opinion, and which encourage men and women to hold their own beliefs and find a common ground for membership in a simple covenant of fellowship and service.

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Still others take a superior attitude toward the whole concept of religion. They insist that it is quite beneath the notice of educated men, and fancy that learning and skepticism are synonymous. There are literally thousands of reasons advanced to justify one's lack of loyalty to Jesus and most of them miss the point. The real reason is that we do not belong to him. We are not of his sheep. There is no consciousness of spiritual affinity. May not something be said, in a practical way, about this almost mystic relationship between the disciples and Jesus?

It is not so mystic, after all, when one reduces it to human terms. Dean Inge has an illuminating paragraph in his study of "The Soul of England." He says: "What governs the Englishman is his inner atmosphere. It is never a precise reason or an outer fact that determines him to choose his work or his play or his religion, but always *the weather of his soul.*" He tells us that this weather of the soul is "a mass of dumb instincts and allegiances, the love of a certain quality of life. His adventures change him so little that he is not afraid of them. He carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes."

An Unformulated Allegiance

That is what Jesus means. "My sheep hear my voice." It is a relationship which defies analysis. It escapes definition. It is a mystic, hidden, unformulated allegiance. If a man does not catch something deep and personal in the appeal of Jesus, it is just because he does not belong. "Ye believe not because ye are not of my sheep."

May we defend, for a moment, this lack of formulation. It is obvious that many of us have drifted away from the old-fashioned prayer-meeting type of personal testimony. That is not a spiritual loss. It is a spiritual gain. Not because the testimony was too intimate and too subjective. Undoubtedly it was. One recalls Thomas Carlyle's bitter taunt, "There goes your Methodist, continually inspecting his insides." But the Methodist was not the only offender. The Calvinist was just as subjective, the liturgy of the Established church drove men's thoughts within, and the Roman Catholic confessional was the nursing-mother of subjectivism. The basic fault of the old-time testimony was its over-familiarity. In religion, as in human relations, the law holds. Familiarity breeds contempt.

Those of you who, like myself, were nourished in the warm, evangelical atmosphere of Methodism will recall how intimately men and women used to talk about Jesus. You will recall the typical gospel hymn of the Moody and Sankey regime with its inevitable sentimentalism. Hymns were sentimental, sermons were sentimental, testimonies were sentimental, because religious sentimentalism was the sign manual of the age. Many of those hymns and testimonies would offend us today, not because of any lack of sincerity, but because of their familiarity. The modern man would not talk of his most intimate friend as men and women, in those days, talked about Jesus. There were few reserves. There was little reticence. There was nothing inarticulate or unformulated about one's spiritual allegiance.

Are We Less Religious?

There are many who believe that we are less religious today because we have outgrown this sort of thing. There are those who still insist that the prayer-meeting is the spiritual thermometer of the church and who think that the absence of personal testimony is proof of the decadence of faith. My own conviction is that our age is vastly more spiritual than that age of unrestricted utterance. My reason is this: An affinity which is talked about is not a real affinity. It is merely a phantasy, an illusion of the imagination, an effort to make appear as real something which one's heart really craves. A love which is too vocal leaves one with the uneasy suspicion that it is too gushy to be real. It is an attempt to build up in words that which does not exist as fact. When it does exist as fact, it needs no interpretation. It is just "the weather of the soul." I do not say that love is never to seek expression in words, but I do say that the deeper the affection the more conscious one is of the inadequacy of words. One may, for example, speak of Jesus quite objectively, just as one would speak of Buddha or Plato or Aristotle; one may study Jesus in his historical setting and inquire into his teachings, but there is something in the inner response of the human spirit to the call of Jesus Christ which rejects every formula as utterly inadequate and which shrinks from any attempt to bare one's innermost feelings to others. The fact is, generally speaking, if one ever does bare his heart, it is because there is very little in it to unveil.

A Return to Primitive Loyalty

The reticence of the modern man in things religious is a return to the primitive loyalty of the church. The undue familiarity from which we naturally shrink would also have offended those who were closest to Jesus in the days of his flesh. Speaking of the men who "loved their Lord with a love utterly selfless and therefore utterly satisfying," Canon Raven says that "their devotion was not a sentimental and erotic passion which makes a hysterical Jesus-worship so weak and false: to them he was 'God's mystery', the key to the treasury of the unseen world, the point at which the diffused gleams of spiritual light were condensed and directed into a steady ray."

This primitive loyalty transcends all theology. Some day we shall agree that when, in those early days, men spoke in apparently extravagant ways of Jesus as God, they were not thinking in metaphysical terms. They were trying to phrase what, in the last analysis, could not be phrased. Take Peter by way of example. Do you think that Peter was a metaphysician when he made the great confession at Cæsarea Philippi, "Thou art the Christ the Son of the Living God?" At heart this man belonged so utterly to Jesus that no ordinary words could convey

his loyalty and appreciation. Thomas felt that way when he exclaimed, "My Lord and my God." That is strong language, but it is not metaphysical. Naturally the theologians took advantage of this mystic element in primitive discipleship and evolved a complex Jesus of the Catholic creeds, who is entirely unrelated to the Jesus of the Galilean road. The average man then was no more of a formal theologian than the average man today, and when he called Jesus "God," may it not be that he was just trying to say what,

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later, he learned could not be said at all? May it not be that he was trying to say that Jesus was first with him, always, the Lord and Master of life, and that the communion between the disciple and the Master was so beautiful, so intimate, so sacred, so reverent and so inarticulate that it became to him all the word "God" meant?

The Modern Man and Theology

The modern man doesn't put it that way, of course. He is afraid of theology and not a little suspicious of philosophy. He ends up by saying very little about it. He is not greatly interested in the psychology of religion, with its intrusive questionnaires. He guards his spiritual privacy. The superficial critic, looking on, tells us that the modern man is not very religious, that the church is in a bad way, and that we are not as righteous as our fathers. How do these critics know so much? I look into your faces week after week; you listen with courteous attention to a preacher's interpretation of the truth as he sees it; you bow reverently in prayer; you join in singing some of the greater hymns of the church. How can I, looking at you Sunday after Sunday, actually know what is going on in your minds and hearts? Just because you say very little about Jesus, am I to assume that you care little for him? How do I know, when we bow in prayer, whether you pray or do not pray, or whether the words of the minister in his priestly function interpret for you the secret longings of your hearts? How could I say whether the words you sing mean everything or nothing at all? The truth is that all of these fundamental reactions to worship are locked up just where they should be, in the depths of your hearts, and they are nobody's business but your own —and God's!

If!

The only question which one may dare raise is what the lawyers call a hypothetical question. *If* something deep within you stirs at the mention of the name of Jesus, *if* something real within you responds to the magnetism of his life and the lofty idealism of his teachings, *if* there is in your hearts a profound love for all that the name and the spirit and the outlook of Jesus may stand for—then you are a disciple of our Lord, whether you say anything about it or not, whether you belong to church or not, whether you accept creeds or reject them. Here is the real experience of religion which transcends analysis and which laughs at statistics. "My sheep hear my voice and I know them, and they follow me." It is the weather of the soul, the mass of dumb instincts and allegiances which matter most, and no critic of religion is in any position to know what is going on in the inner lives of millions of men and women, whether Catholic or Protestant.

One cannot, then, generalize about the state of religion, or the state of the church. All these hasty, pessimistic generalizations about the irreligion of the modern man are the fruits of an arrogant skepticism which may, indeed, reveal the empty heart of the skeptic, but which can offer nothing that is valid about the souls of the multitude. Religion, in this intimate, personal sense, is an affair between a man and God, between the individual and the spirit of Jesus. It is strictly one's own business. It is not the business of a church or a minister of the gospel, or a priest, or a bishop, or a cardinal, or a pope. Here, in the inner citadel of the individual life, the real battle between faith and unfaith is fought out. If we do not believe, it is not because we had to go to church too much when we were young. It is not because we cannot believe what the churches ask us to believe. It is not because we know too much to be religious. It is not because we cannot square theology with science. If we do not believe, it is only that we do not belong. Belief is not the intellectual acceptance of a dogma; it is the loyalty of one's heart to a Person. If we do not believe, it is because we have no real affinity with Jesus. "Ye believe not because ye are not of my sheep. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."

The Problem of "Following"

"And they follow me." That's where we begin to have trouble. We may be quite willing to trust the mystic weather of the soul in the matter of our spiritual allegiance to Jesus, but we are rather unwilling to believe that the technique of following Jesus is also personal. It seems to be everybody's business. That is to say, there are many voices raised today to tell us what following Jesus actually means. We suffer, in these days, from a passion to define the "way of Christ." These definitions range all the way from an emphasis upon the political party one belongs to to the things which one eats or drinks, but most specifically the things which one does *not* drink. There is, we are told, a Christian way of making money and spending it, and a way that is unchristian. I am cynical enough to suggest that those of us who have never made any money to speak of, are the first to offer the definition for the benefit of others. There is, undoubtedly, a Christian attitude toward war. The voices confuse one. Definitions of that attitude range all the way from the extremes of non-resistant pacificism to sheer militarism invoked under the smoke-screen of national defense. The "way of Jesus" means certain things in industry, certain attitudes in race relations, certain points of view in citizenship, certain ideas and ideals in the realm of international and world relationships, but the average man today is absolutely overwhelmed and confused by the variety of definitions.

Less Dogmatism

I confess that I am just as anxious to follow Christ as any man who professes loyalty to the Master, but I do not want anybody else to tell me how to do it. We will make more headway in these matters when we are less dogmatic in our social interpretations. I wish that we might substitute the spirit of inquiry for the spirit of indoctrination. There is ample justification for discussion of the basic attitudes of Jesus toward war, or industry, or race relations, but when any group assumes to say dogmatically that following Jesus means this specific program or that, or the other, it leaves me cold.

Jesus seemed to have been very chary about laying down specific rules. Following meant one thing to Peter, and another to James, and another to John, and still another to Paul. Jesus seemed willing to trust a man who heard his voice as the sheep hear the voice of the shepherd. He seemed willing to believe that following would be a matter of course and that a man would press on, in spite of mistakes, in spite of errors of judgment; in spite, sometimes, of actual transgression.

A little less definition, a little more emphasis upon the realities of a genuine spiritual allegiance to Jesus! A little less dogma and a little more life! A little less criticism and a little more trust! A little less propaganda and a little more experience! These are the marks of the modern man's approach to religion. It is "the weather of the soul." "My sheep hear my voice—and they follow."

The Great Foundation

By Mark A. Matthews

For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.

Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. 1 *Corinthians* 3:11, 13.

THE essential thing in every superstructure is the foundation. This text is discussing primarily the work of the gospel teacher and preacher. It has a general application which includes the work of every Christian, the life and character of every believer. Whether you apply it strictly to the teacher and preacher, or whether you include all that could possibly be included under its application, there is one essential fact in both applications—namely, the foundation. The text plainly states that no other foundation has been laid, no other foundation can be laid, and no other foundation ever will be laid. There is but one foundation.

The text also teaches that two kinds of superstructures may be erected upon this one essential foundation.

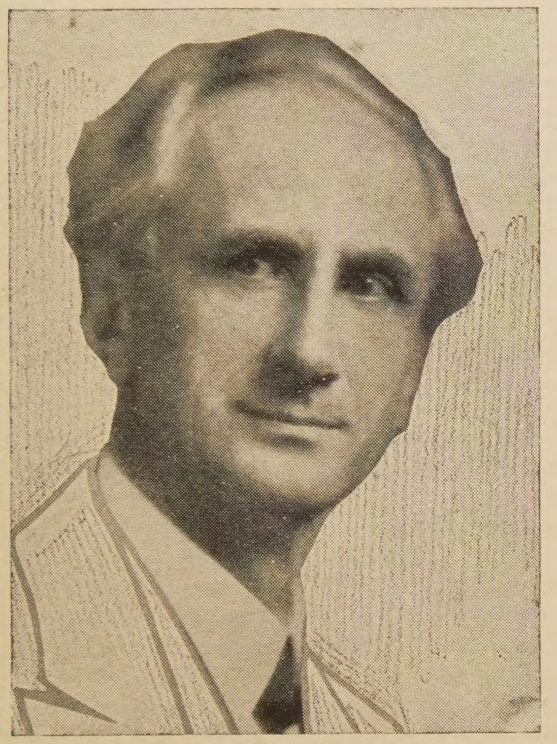
First: The superstructure in which indestructible materials are used, the materials corresponding with the foundation. The foundation, the materials, the labor, and the future of that building are indestructible. They will stand the test. The flames can not reach them.

Second: A superstructure built of combustible materials may be erected upon this foundation. The foundation will last and therefore the builder will be saved and escape as by fire, but the superficial work, the faulty material and the straw mansion will be destroyed.

Third: These two figures, when applied to the preacher and teacher, present very convincing arguments in favor of the fundamental course of teaching and preaching. (a) The materials classified as gold, precious gems, precious stones, marbles and other such solid material represent the great doctrinal truths, having their inherent existence in the person and life of Jesus Christ. (b) The stubble, straw and superficial materials mentioned represent the false doctrines, false interpretations and erroneous deductions from Scripture and from the life of Christ. It is impossible for the false views, doctrines, cults, "isms" and divisions to last. They shall be destroyed. One could at times wish that the destruction might take place now because the false teachers and false teachings are preventing many from finding the way to salvation.

Fourth: The important consideration is the foundation, which is Jesus Christ. (a) The foundation is the person of Christ—Christ himself. The determining factor in Christianity is the person of Jesus Christ.

That is the absolute and essential thing. Christianity is not a system of doctrine, nor is it a beautifully wrought out ethical code. It is the person of Jesus Christ. Everything about Christianity depends upon the person, Jesus Christ. (b) He is the Son of God—not a dead personality, but the living second member of the Trinity. Christianity does not exist because of the teachings of Christ, but because of his personality. It does not exist because he was a marvelous character and became an historical force, but it exists because he is the Divine Person. That is the distinguishing,



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unique factor about Christianity. He is the Son of God, the living, pulsating Son of God. (c) He is the Redeemer because he is the Son of God. He did not come as a prophet to foretell God or to tell us about God, but he came as God—the eternal Son of God—to redeem us. Our redemption is essentially in the person of Christ and our experiences are due to his living personality. As prophet he brings to us in glorious manifestation the personality of God. As priest he stands between us and God, offering himself as a sufficient sacrifice for our redemption. As king he is Lord and Master, the absolute sovereign of our redeemed souls and lives. He shall reign, absolutely!

This is the foundation, the eternal, everlasting, and only foundation on which we must build and on which we must rest, if our lives, characters and superstructures are to stand the test.

Let us study the superstructure.

I—The Church

Jesus Christ announced that he would build the church on himself as the eternal rock and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. The church, the real Body of Christ, is being built by Christ himself. It is being erected upon him and out of his own personality as the essential and everlasting material. It is impossible for the church to be destroyed or for any member of his body to be destroyed. Christ will present it to his Father as his masterpiece. It will stand the fires of all ages and the last conflagration shall not touch it. The same thing is true of the individual church whose members are in the Body of Christ. There is but one foundation for the local church—namely, Jesus Christ. A church organization is not a mere aggregation of people; it is a composite body of saints. If the local church is to exist, and to everlastingly exist, it must be of Christ and be built upon him as its foundation.

This church, with its eight original members, was certainly organized of real saints who were of Christ and who rested their claims and their rights upon Jesus Christ as their foundation. It is impossible to build a church or to logically use the name "church" unless Jesus Christ is the controlling factor. The work that has been done so far as this church is concerned, has recognized that Jesus Christ is the only foundation. There is no other explanation for its marvelous growth. There is no other way of accounting for the thousands that have been led to Christ and into its membership. Twenty thousand and more people would not have become members of this church and passed into the great life of Christian service had not Jesus Christ been the sole controlling figure. Twenty-eight years of intensive building, of tireless labor, or ceaseless prayer and struggle would never have accomplished what you now see had not Jesus Christ been the sole and only foundation on which the superstructure was being erected. We have known no other and we will never know any other person than Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior.

II—The Teaching

There is but one subject to be taught; namely, Jesus Christ. There is but one great fact to be presented; namely, Jesus Christ. There is but one great doctrine to be expounded; namely, the deity of Jesus Christ. It is not philosophizing about Christ, but it is presenting the fact of Christ that makes real preaching. What are the essential and controlling doctrines, resting in him, to be taught? (a) The pre-existence of Christ. He existed with the Father in all the glory of the Godhead. (b) His incarnation—born of the virgin Mary. His virgin birth was possible only on the ground of his pre-existence, his deity and the fact that he was to be God manifest in the flesh. His virgin birth was essential. (c) His crucifixion. Justice had to be satisfied. The moral government of God had to be sustained. Mercy had to be released. To satisfy justice, sustain the moral government, punish sin, release mercy and redeem the criminal all in the same act required the supernatural personality of Jesus Christ. The crucifixion was logical. (d) The resurrection was the confirmation of his pre-existence, of his incarnation, of God's acceptance of his crucifixion, and it was a guarantee that he would be received at the

right hand of God as our mediator, and that he would return for us. (e) The ascension was a divine promise of his mediatorial office. All these things are possible only because Jesus Christ is who he is; namely, the eternal Son of God. (f) Justification by faith is not a doctrine, it is an act. It rests entirely upon belief.

Belief in What?

Not in an historical statement about Christ, but in the personality of Christ, in Jesus Christ as the second person of the Trinity, in Jesus Christ the second person of God, in whom the power of the Godhead rests. That is the reason salvation rests exclusively upon belief, not upon works, not upon baptism, but upon belief in Jesus Christ, the living, throbbing, pulsating Son of God, the personality of God manifested in Christ, who is God, the embodiment of the personality of the Godhead.

These are the teachings that are to stand the test of fire. These are the facts that will outlast all worlds. These are the teachings of the minister and the preacher that can not be refuted, destroyed or displaced by any philosophy or any code of ethics. These have been the teachings of your minister from his boyhood. No other utterance has ever fallen from his lips; no other facts or doctrines have ever been by him taught.

When accused of narrowness or bigotry because of these doctrines, the answer has ever been: "If the personality of Christ is narrowness, then we rejoice in narrowness; if it is bigotry to be loyal to Jesus Christ, then glorious is the bigotry, and let it ever characterize us in thought, speech and conduct."

III—The Fires

Those who have been true have been tested by fire and their works are to be tested by fire. The foundation, if it be Christ, can not be burned; the superstructure, if it be of the solid substance of Christ, can not be destroyed. The teachings, if they be the presentation of the personality, power and redemptive work of Christ, can not be consumed by the flames of burning worlds.

In the course of time the testings have been many. Designing people, conspirators, assassins of character and of service have tried to destroy. They have failed. They are failing and they shall fail because the foundation is of Christ, the material out of which we have been building is of Christ and the superstructure, when finished, must be presented to him for inspection. If it is of the solid material which he has furnished, the fires of persecution and the fires of the last conflagration shall not touch the foundation, shall not affect the builder and shall not consume the material out of which we have builded.

There is no other foundation. We can not build any other kind of superstructure, and, wherever the future may call us to labor, the foundation and the material will not be changed. There can be no other foundation laid than is laid in Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Jesus Christ and Evolution

By Walter H. Smith

Through him all existence came into being . . . In Him lay life and the life was the light for men. John 1:3, 4.

SIR ARTHUR SMITH WOODWARD, past president of the Linnaean and Geological societies, defines the principle of evolution as "the slow and regular advance of the world of life." He then goes on to say that "no conflicting evidence has thus far been discovered." This is a fair definition of evolution as held by reliable scientists today. Was Jesus the product of such a process? Was he the product of the slow and regular advance of life found operative in the principle of creative evolution? In order to answer these questions we must examine his life in the light of its historical background.

I. Christ Manifests a New Order of Life

The physical environment of Jesus reveals nothing that would account for the singular beauty of his character or the superlative aspects of his life. Jesus came from an impoverished land where nothing superlative could grow. The few fertile wadys were flanked on every side by dry and forbidding terrane. The river Jordan was an insignificant, muddy stream. The stagnant waters of the Dead sea were matched by the sterile sands of the desert wilderness. The intellectual and spiritual environment of Jesus was equally barren. The family responsible for his early training was provincial to a high degree. His race was distinguished for its superiority complex and contempt of other nationals. He lived in a turbulent age. The wickedness of Nazareth had been made to point a proverb. In Christ's day thirty shekels of silver was the current exchange for a man's life. Religion was a form from which the substance of spirituality had entirely disappeared. Spiritual and intellectual poison exhumed from this foul environment. And yet it was from this environment that there sprung the exotic beauty and holiness of Christ's life. Reason demands a certain coherence and consistency in the consideration of Jesus' relation to the principle of evolution. And in so far as his environment is concerned, the more closely we apply the laws of evolution to him the more clearly he stands out in contrast as one who was utterly unique and without precedent in the life of the world.

Christ's intellectual life presents a new phenomenon. He never seemed to find it necessary to draw upon outside resources for information or knowledge. So far as we know, he nearly always drew wisdom from the inner sources of his own intuitional nature. He depended so much upon these inner resources that his contemporaries frequently were amazed and perplexed. His sayings are timeless and universal in application.

His teachings reveal a deathless vitality. Archbishop D'Arcy is right when he says that the teachings of Christ do not persuade or entreat, they "penetrate, reveal, convict." Dr. Carnegie Simpson makes the same point when he says, "We study Aristotle and we are intellectually edified thereby; we study Jesus and are, in the profoundest way, spiritually disturbed. When we had thought intellectually to examine him, we find he is spiritually examining us." There is no heredity or mental environment that will explain Christ's intellectual life.

Universal Homage to Christ

Christ's spiritual life is unprecedented. The pristine beauty of Christ's character has been acknowledged by men of every religion and of every age throughout the Christian era. He cannot be overpraised. The highest tributes to him are conceded to be utterly inadequate. Christ has received an homage that would have wrought disaster to any other individual. It is a delicate thing to tell our refined, sensitive friends how much we think of them lest we expose them to the suspicion that they are being overpraised. But there is no thought of anything of this kind concerning praise of Christ. You subject his life to the closest possible scrutiny and you will find no false step, no jarring note, no ethical error, no misjudgment, no unideal action, no selfish motive, no vicious thought, no sensual impulse, no feeling of the need of repentance. Where in all the history of the past will you find the background that will account for such a spiritual life on the basis of an evolutionary hypothesis?

Christ's poise and unity of spirit were unique. All of the opposites of a wholesome life existed in his personality in perfect equilibrium. He did not find it necessary to waste life through a process of repression or of elimination in order to secure a unity of spirit. In him profundity was balanced with simplicity. He was tolerant but never sentimental, self-respecting but never egotistic. He was tender but he knew how to be inflexible. He was a Prince of Peace with a courage that led him to the cross. In him was the perfect blend of the conservative and the radical. He was beautifully submissive and vigorously aggressive. He had a passivity that was perfectly subjoined to an ardent nature. He dealt in the particular, always relating it to the universal. His was a perfect balance between the ideal and the real. He possessed a rich, emotional nature but never indulged the erotic. He experienced no conflict of the inner and outer man. And what is of vastly greater significance, he manifested in his life a perfect union of self-consciousness with the consciousness of God. Christ maintained within himself an essential unity and poise by keeping in perfect balance all the natural powers of life. Where can we find the slow and regular advance of a creative evolution leading up to this essential unity of spirit, this perfect poise of the Christ? There is no precedent for this remarkable phenomenon.

Man's Intuition Testifies to Christ

The testimony of man's intuition is another evidence of Christ's transcendence of the natural order. Witness the late Dr. Frank Gunsaulus when he said: "Men have felt, in a moment unspeakably precious and grand, the actual lordship of Jesus. . . . They have known it, yielded to it, gone into partnership with it as a fact in experience." Witness Dr. Harnack in his remark to Stanley Jones: "The authority of Christianity is found at that point where the Jesus of history meets the Christ of experience." Witness Dr. John Baillie: "Our doctrines about God are always secondary to our direct finding of God in the realities of our experience. . . . God does not communicate with us: he does something far better—he communes with us. Not the communication of propositions but the communion of spirits is the last word about divine revelation." Witness the testimony of Dr. George Alfred Hogg: "Merely look at Jesus and you behold a man. But meet him face to face in all the inwardness of comradeship and obedience, of faltering need and of kingly succor, and you will know yourself to be meeting the very person, the very self of God." Today there are millions of people who stand ready to testify to the reality of a subjective relationship with Christ wherein they are convinced of the transcendence of his nature. No exhaustive study of Christ's relationship to the principle of creative evolution can ignore this vast body of personal intuition.

There is another field of personal intuition that is of the utmost importance to the question before us. Christ's intuition respecting his own origin must be considered. Perhaps it should be recalled that Christ's intuitions never have been proved incorrect at any other point. Therefore the greatest possible significance attaches to the personal conviction of Christ respecting his eternal sonship with the Father. Christ possessed an intuition that his relationship with the Father did not begin in time and place. "What if you were to see the Son of Man ascending to where he formerly existed?" "Truly I tell you I have existed before Abraham was born." "Father glorify me . . . . with the glory which I enjoyed in thy presence before the world began." Where will you find anything comparable to this extraordinary intuition of Jesus? This unique intuition was the sole possession of the Christ. The evolutionary principle certainly does not apply in this case.

Jesus Beyond Evolution

Christ apparently outspanned the evolutionary process. When we consider his life as a whole it is not hard to believe that he came into this world in defiance of the laws of biogenesis and that he left this world in defiance of the laws of mortality, however extraordinary these beliefs may seem. There is no slow and regular advance of life leading up to the levels represented by him. Nor can he be accounted for on the basis of any theory of mutation. No mere jump in the processes of evolution can account for the differences between Jesus and other men. If the Galilean had manifested perfection in one or two respects only, he might be accounted for through some mutation theory of creative evolution. But when he stands forth full orbed and perfect in every respect that is an altogether

different matter. The mental and spiritual differences between Christ and other men surpass in evolutionary significance the difference between the vertebrates and the invertebrates, or the organic and the inorganic of the physical world. These differences are so vast that they represent in Christ an entirely new order of life.

II. Christ Is Necessary to Man's Evolution

The text emphasizes the fact that Christ is an active power in the processes of creative evolution. "In him life lay and the life was the light for men." Testimony in abundance is accumulating in support of this position. We cannot give an extended inventory, but we will mention a few of the more fundamental ways in which Christ is acting upon mankind through the principle of creative evolution.

Christ contributes to men a new quality of faith and of will power. He helps men to believe that they too can be noble, masterful, and creative, that they too can rise to the dignity and power of a son of God. Dr. C. C. Little speaks for multitudes when he says: "Christ is that intangible but very real friend who comforts my tired mind and heart when things are going badly. When things are at their blackest, memory of his sweetness and kindness shames me into taking up the battle again with renewed courage." George Tyrell testifies to a similar experience: "Again and again have I been tempted to give up the struggle, but always the figure of that strange man hanging on his cross sends me back to my work." Christ creates within men a wealth of imaginative faith that lifts them into new and higher levels of living. This constitutes a major contribution to the evolution of the race.

Christ has opened to men new realms of intellectual and emotional life. He has saved God to the world by revealing him as a heavenly Father. He has saved religion to the world by interpreting and exemplifying it in terms of holiness. He has saved piety by transforming it into virtue. He has rescued sentiment by lifting it up into love. He has redeemed power by interpreting it in terms of obligation and by translating it into forms of service. He has mediated art, ethics, science, and philosophy. He has revealed the fact that these all carry a wealth of meaning for life. Previous to Christ's coming, humanity had not been able to bring various elements of life to a focus. Life had outspanned man's intuition, knowledge and experience. But in Christ all lines are found to converge. He is the center around which all things are being thought together. Men are slowly but surely coming to the place where all things are being referred to him and to his teachings. Dr. Cadman has well said that "The central realities of God and man are residual in Christ and everything of vital meaning in human existence must reckon with his mediation of those realities." Christ is the one central necessity to the progress of the emotional and intellectual life of the race.

What Christ Does for Man

It is not easy to define Christ's principle of action in the purely spiritual realm. Nevertheless Christ furnishes to men an amazing accession of spiritual power. Lives that are surrendered to him are straightway given back enriched a thousand fold and charged with spiritual energy. Christ heals the split personality. He integrates the emotional life and rescues the heart from the weakness incident to a divided allegiance. He brings the mind into right relations with itself, its fellow men, and with God. He saves from the wastes of repression and elimination by lending power to balance the inner impulsions of life. It ought also to be said that these imparted energies of Christ are not coercive in their action. The individual receiving such an impulse experiences no sense of depression or of coercion

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such as ordinarily follows the pressure of an outward compulsion. These impulsions are operative from within and are so blended with the native powers of the recipient that they become highly creative in their action. Christ does not dominate men, he develops them. He does not force life into a single mold. His spiritual energies are so imparted that they always tend toward the variation and enrichment of life. He quickens the moral sensibilities and stimulates each spiritual faculty to function to its fullest capacity. Christ's impartation of spiritual power is one of the central agencies in the evolution of mankind.

Cosmic Progress

Christ's cross has demonstrated as no other event in history the fundamental power that operates in the evolution of men. Calvary is a sublimated expression of the cosmic law of progress. Jesus' cross plainly exemplifies the supremacy of love as an active principle of power. The victory of Christ's cross validates every

vicarious experience to the end of time. Previous to Christ's death there were few men who dared to go the limit in vicarious suffering. Here and there a Moses or a Socrates had exposed himself to the tragic limit of sacrificial suffering in behalf of the people. But now thousands dare offer themselves as a supplemental atonement through the channels of vicarious suffering. Christ's cross has made it infinitely easier for men to believe in, and to practice, love as a principle of progress and of power.

Christ's resurrection has become a central necessity in man's evolution. Jesus' victory over death is the most unique and significant event recorded in the annals of human history. The finer and stronger life becomes, the more men are convinced of the reality of the resurrection. On the other hand, the refining and strengthening power of this belief is becoming more apparent as generation after generation the conviction deepens that Jesus actually rose from the dead. This process of deepening conviction lending greater refinement and strength to the race, and in turn the increased refinement and strength deepening the conviction is a self feeding process to which there seems to be no end. Forth from the resurrection of Jesus have come the finest qualities of life known to men. The more refined life becomes, the more necessary the resurrection of Christ becomes to the program of evolution.

The Goal of Man's Evolution

Christ's life has made plain the goal of man's evolution. The ultimate life toward which all human evolution is tending has been demonstrated by him on the streets of the world. As Bishop McDowell has observed, men wondered what was worth while and enduring in the light of the eternal. Jesus answered that question. Men wondered how the ultimate man would relate himself to the things of time and place. Jesus answered that question. Men wondered what qualities of human life would befit immortality and enter by natural sequence into eternal life. Jesus answered that question. Thus Jesus, by making clear to all mankind the goal of humanity, has given a tremendous stimulus to the evolution of the race.

The fact that Christ revealed God as subject to self-realization is fundamental to the processes of creative evolution. The incarnation can no longer be thought of as a limitation, but must be considered as an event in which Deity sought a fullness of self-realization that could be obtained in no other way. The human element in the life of Jesus furnishes plain proof of the struggle of Deity for a larger self-realization. When men understand that Jesus fought every inch of the way against desperate odds to win and hold his messiahship, his life will possess new meaning for them. When men begin to realize that God is ever pushing out into new fields of self-expression and of self-realization, there will be added to human effort a zest of infinite proportions. Here again Christ is found to be a central necessity in any comprehensive philosophy of creative evolution as applied to the lives of men.

III. Christ Is the Spirit of Creative Evolution

Mr. Thomas Edison made a profound observation when he said that God revealed himself in Christ in terms too simple for the imaginations of men. The simplicity and delicacy of Christ's revelation of God are the surest proofs of his deity. Some day we shall come to see that the simplicity of Christ's revelation accentuates its quality. Our gravest peril in thinking of the Christ is not in overestimating him, but always in underestimating him. William Pierson Merrill is right when he says that "Protestantism will never have a God good enough to match its experience of grace until it exercises the courage to find its God wholly, really, sufficiently, daringly, in Jesus Christ."

Bergson on Jesus

Henri Bergson said: "The word made flesh belongs to the very idea of human evolution, and the incarnate God is thus not merely the Savior, but the root of humanity, using that word in no abstract sense, but in the concrete sense of a race of human beings. . . . Under the influence of the doctrine of creative evolution the necessity for an incarnation in history appears." Mr. Bergson then speaks of the race as an organism created by the vital impetus forcing a tunnel through matter and emerging as human consciousness and personality. He then goes on to say: "The next step must be the creation of that organ through which the organism shall be perfected. And if the perfection of the organism we call Christ is that toward which the vital impetus is pushing, then life with its infinite originality, and inventiveness will bring the Christ in, in a way quite impredicable by reason and quite unintelligent to the evolutionary mind. Looking at man as in process of creative development we see the urgent demand for the Christ. Looking at the Christ of history, we feel that in him that demand is realized. But further, if the great hindrance to the development of the God instinct is what we call sin, then the perfecter of the organism must be a Savior."

An Unchangeable Glory

So we come back to the question with which we started, namely, Is Jesus Christ a product of creative evolution? And having studied his life, in its contemporary setting of the last two thousand years, we are compelled to believe that he is not only a departure from the natural order—he is a transcendant personality through whom Deity is furnishing direction and power to all mankind. Through him the life of a Master Artisan is overflowing a world in the throes of self-realization. "In him life lay and the life was the light for men." *Christ is the spirit of creative evolution!* The implications for the human race impearled in the life of the Son of Man radiate like gleams of light in every direction. The dignity and worth of human character are reflected in him with unearthly splendor. Man's progressive destiny is mirrored in him with a glory that is unchangeable and eternal. Sin and selfishness shall give way. The kingdom of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea!

Sister Phoebe!

By Frederick F. Shannon

"I commend unto you Phoebe our sister."—Romans 16:1.

THIS is a part of what one may call the little great biographies of the world. Almost microscopic in dimensions, it is astronomic in its suggestiveness. More than once, in closing his letters, Paul calls the names of his friends in various sections of Europe and Asia—men and women who played a tremendous part in forwarding the "good news" of God in Christ. They are, I think, among the most interesting people in history; not, indeed, because we know much about them, but because they had the great good fortune to be in at the historic beginnings of the most important movement of which any record has been preserved. Meaningful of their own account, they were molded and touched by Paul.

Take the diminutive biography of the text. Is it not most intriguing, more than ordinarily fascinating? As to quantity, there is not much—only fifty-eight words in the American revised version of the New Testament. And yet, Sister Phoebe survives on and on through the ages like an old tune without any strings, while the names of warriors, statesmen, orators, artists, writers, who were once conspicuous with temporal and contemporary fame, have vanished, leaving no trace on monument or canvas or printed page. As to quality, however, Sister Phoebe invites us to higher levels of meditation and evaluation. She is a symbol. Not only a deep-set humanized fact, not only a person implicit with the dignity of Christian idealism, she is at once token and prophecy of that which is always taking place in the come and go of the centuries. Far deeper than the preservation of name and place is the conservation of personality—compared with which the conservation of matter, in its various forms, is secondary, if not of quite minor importance. Therefore, I would study with you the significance of Sister Phoebe.

I

In the first place, Sister Phoebe is an argument for the Never-Old. Do you not catch this little, golden, flashing permanence established by fact and written up by Paul? "A servant of the church that is at Cenchreæ." What a focus it is of the local and the temporary, of the permanent and the universal! Cenchreæ? Why, that was just a little household church on the eastern seaport of Corinth. Long, long ago its members passed away, their bodies returning to the wondrous dust out of which they were formed, their spirits winging and singing back to God, out of whom they came.

Yet, passing the local and temporary, do we not quickly stand in the presence of the ageless and all-inclusive? "A servant"—aye, that is the brooding, imperishable something hovering over Sister Phoebe. Continually passing by, never absent from the roadways of life, Sister Phoebe is always in heavenly style, rich with celestial up-to-dateness, wearing the becoming garments of beauty, goodness, and helpfulness. A servant—therefore, an argument for the never-old. A servant; therefore, a social redeemer. A servant; therefore, a domestic glory. A servant; therefore, like unto the God who is ever serving his universe. Verily, everything else grows stale, weary, flat, unprofitable; everything else gets dust-covered, moth-eaten, falls out of line with the ongoing genius of things. But when the well-woven garments of service are cut to the size of a fine, rugged soul—that man, that woman is vigorous with the vitality of the never-old.

This is a part of the significance of the famous painting, "The Angelus," is it not? The authentic genius of Millet is disclosed in the fact that his picture is ever telling us something new—perhaps about itself, perhaps about our own natures. Here are the two young peasants at work in the field; the vesper hush lies soft and sweet across the land; yonder in the distance is the wayside church; now the Angelus is ringing; and now, also, the youth and maiden stand uncovered, with bowed heads, caught in the spell of worshipful reverence. All this is familiar, but not one whit less beautiful on account of its familiarity, if souls are genuinely awake instead of incuriously asleep. Yet, it is just here that the painter makes his canvas glow with all the tantalizing eloquence of color. For upon what does the light of the dying sun fall? Upon the body of the youth? Upon the face of the girl? Not at all. True, the radiance of sundown is in and upon them; yet, the artist has so managed his light effects that they irradiate the tools in the barrow close by. The implements by which their service is wrought—that is one of the flashes of genius easily overlooked by unseeing eyes. Had I painted the picture, I think I should have turned a little more light upon the youth, certainly much more upon the face of the maiden; and therein, perhaps, lies the difference between sight and insight. The tender light of the sun bathes the tools—the things men work with, the things women use—symbols of that by which a Christianized world is to be finally realized. Truly, Sister Phoebe, you are an argument for the never-old!

Leaving the World a Bit Better

I lost a friend the other day even as America lost a high-minded citizen. The last letter I had from Mr. Edward Bok told of his friendship with Doctor Hillis and Doctor Gunsaulus; of his interest in the work of Central church, Chicago; of how, sometime, he hoped to spend a Sunday here in Chicago and worship with us. But now his earthly house lies beneath his Singing Tower, while his fine soul, I doubt not, goes singing on through the more and more melodious sanctuaries of being. Recall his boyhood and youth in Brooklyn—a boyhood disciplined by hardship, a youth enriched by the influence of Henry Ward Beecher. One day the lad was standing before the window of a bakery, looking at the good things to eat. The baker came out and said to him, "They look good, don't they?" "Not so good," replied young Bok, "they would look much better if your windows were clean." Whereupon he got the job of cleaning the baker's windows for fifty cents a week. Step

by step he climbed to his high place of citizenship in the land of his adoption. But let us not forget today the backgrounds of Edward Bok. Behind him stood his noble mother, and back of her stood his sturdy old Dutch grandmother, who said to him, "Make it your aim in life to leave the world a bit better and more beautiful because you have been in it."

Dear Sister Phoebe! Is she not with us again, a part of the throb of our modern day—a servant, making the world a bit better, more beautiful, because she has been in it? She is luminous and lovely with the bloom and transforming power of "The Pear Tree," of which Edna St. Vincent Millay sings:

> In this squalid, dirty dooryard,
> Where the chickens scratch and run,
> White, incredible, the pear tree
> Stands apart and takes the sun,
> Mindful of the eyes upon it,
> Vain of its new holiness,
> Like the waste-man's little daughter
> In her first communion dress.

White, too, and incredible, is the dominant reach of Sister Phoebe across the ages, though retiringly unmindful of the eyes upon her, not in the least vain of her creative holiness, fair as Joan the Maid in her communion dress of mystery and flame.

Only the other day I was talking about a spiritual kinswoman of Sister Phoebe, who lives in Chicago. I know a certain home where a woman, a wife, a soul wealthy with undiluted humanity, has adopted child after child, until now she and her husband have five. Recently I said to her father, who has every reason to be proud of such a daughter and heartily rejoices in her unselfishness, "I have decided that I, too, wish to be adopted into your family; and that I may not appear unduly selfish, I would like to have you adopt Mrs. Shannon and our son also." With a knowing twinkle in his eye, he replied: "All right; just report to Sister Phoebe; that is where they all go." Literally, Sister Phoebe does not happen to be his daughter's name; but actually and ideally, it fits her goldenly well. Thoreau thought that nature made the bird of paradise just to show what she could do; God in Christ makes the Sister Phoebes of the world not merely to show what he can do, but rather to give expression to one of the ageless and essential values of society, and doubtless of the universe itself. For she is everywhere where big

A Pastoral Prayer

By James G. K. McClure, *President-Emeritus of McCormick (now Presbyterian) Theological Seminary*

OUR Father, we Thy children desire to talk with Thee concerning the things that are in our minds and hearts. We are glad that we believe in Thee, and glad that every thought we have about Thee makes us wish that all people knew and loved Thee as we do. For Thou art our wisdom as to life's meaning, our strength for life's responsibilities and our courage for life's adventures. And more than this, Thou art our close comrade, our dear friend, our heart's joy. We desire to have Thee in all our thoughts and to test our conduct, its intention, its word and its deed by Thy will. It is in Thy light alone that we see light.

We thank Thee that life brings us so many opportunities for trying to live as Jesus lived, in His aims, in His constancy, in His disinterested devotion to others, in His dependence upon Thy guidance. We thank Thee that we need never be afraid to meet new days as they come, freighted as they are with uncertainties and questionings, because we are confident that Thou knowest the end from the beginning, that nothing strange is ever on Thy horizon and that Thy purposes of human welfare never can be thwarted. We only ask that we may make no mistake in understanding the part Thou dost wish us to take in all affairs, and that we may never falter or prove recreant when any occasion for world betterment opens before us.

Grant that while we desire the constant renewal of our own spiritual vigor, as we do so desire, and while we ask for fresh bestowals of Thine indwelling grace within our hearts, we may unceasingly purpose to bear in mind all Thy children everywhere, and may be guided into such sympathies, ideals and practices as will safeguard and develop their highest interests. Forbid that our manner of behavior, whatever its nature, either of omission or commission, may ever lead others into temptation to do wrong. May we be keen-eyed to detect evil whatever its guise and to recognize good whatever its form. Give us great discriminating perception of values and great appropriation of the eternal. Never let our passion for humanity's good burn low. We would that our solicitude for individuals, for society, for the nation and for the world should be a very travail of soul, a travail that knows no relaxation. The more thoughtless others may be of Thee and of Thy desires for the universal fulfillment of the mission of Jesus, here, there and everywhere, the more thoughtful may we be, the more sweet tempered, the more resolute and the more practical.

Above all, we would rejoice if we could so catch and embody the spirit of Jesus that in our own time and place we might virtually reproduce Him and live among our fellows as an effectual deterrent to all evil works, as a heartening benediction to all good souls and as an inspiring uplift to every beneficent cause. To that end may we know our times and seasons so accurately and the remedy for their needs so clearly that we may be such instruments as Thou canst easily use in advancing, all along the line, the blessedness of mankind. Amen.

things and true are being done; and everywhere, also, Sister Phoebe's face and character shine with the luster of the never-old!

II

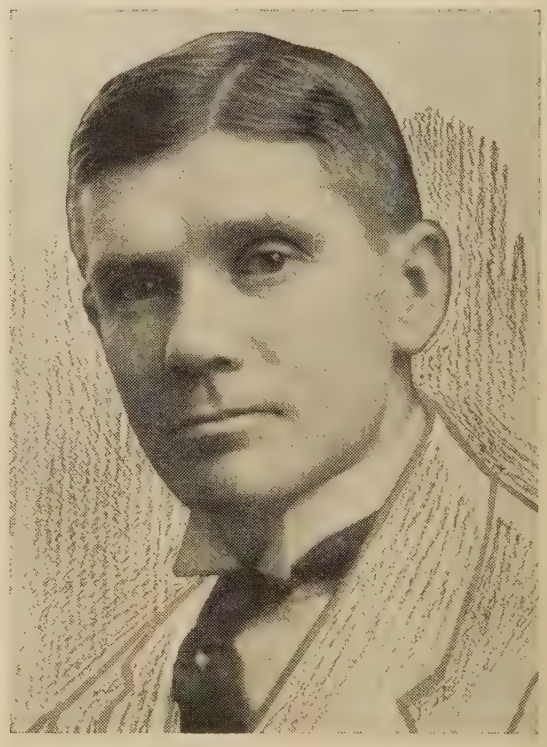
Further: Sister Phoebe stands at the center of the circle of supremely distinguished souls. "That ye receive her in the Lord," says Paul, "worthily of the saints." What a tremendous circle that is—"in the Lord." It is suggestive of the ultimate perfection, immense with the final inclusiveness. Now it is thought that Sister Phoebe was the courier who carried Paul's letter to the church at Rome. If so, she was entrusted with one of the extraordinary documents of mankind. Bind the orations of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, and Webster into a single bundle of eloquence and statesmanship; search out, if possible, their civilizing impact and international influence; yet, Paul's letter to the Romans far outweighs, in individual, social, political, and religious power, all the light and leading streaming from these major stars in the firmament of history. Sister Phoebe, quite unknown to herself, much less undreamed of by Paul, was loaded with well-nigh as immortal goods as it is possible to conceive in a world of passing mortals and perishing empires.

Now, the subject of distinguished souls is not only vitally interesting, but eminently educational and useful. A favorite theme of Browning, it has held the captivated consideration of poets, artists, novelists, historians, and philosophers of each generation. And is it not a truly great theme? How poor our earth would be without intellectually and socially distinguished souls! Yet, let it be affirmed with emphasis, these are by no means the most distinguished characters; this is reserved for those assembled in the inmost center of the circle of distinction; they are, for time and tide and beyond, "in the Lord." For if historically distinguished persons, however variously gifted, defraud themselves of this ultimate distinction, they come to terms with the second best, which has been, and not unwisely, set down as the subtle and deceptive enemy of the best.

One Talent People

And let it be said with the finality of truth, that the challenge and overture of the supreme distinction is open to all—the one talented and the ten talented, the rich and the poor, the literate and the illiterate, white, black, red, yellow—all are potential partakers of this heavenly uniqueness. It is, indeed, the point at which the definitely human takes on the tone of the definitely divine; the place wherein our human lasts and firsts, our greats and smalls, are not so much lost as found in the ever blessed God who is in all, through all, and over all. Here, I maintain, is one of the greatly distinctive and profoundly moving disclosures of God in Christ. Finite as mortals are, they are yet infinite through the presence and meaning of something whose infinity takes the finiteness up into itself, and, while pulsing it through and through with the Goodness Divine, does not bereave it of personal identity, filling its ever-growing capacity with all the fulness of an abundantly adequate and eternally glorious Godhood.

Yes; everybody may be entered into Sister Phoebe's celestial celebrity. Walking along a city street the other day, I passed a woman who sold shoestrings. The rain was pouring upon the just and the unjust—one of the incurable habits of the heavenly rain. Approaching from behind, I had a side view of her face, and, for the nonce, I thought she was a high souled Sister Phoebe I knew in the yesteryears, so striking was the resemblance. I said to myself, "There goes Sister Phoebe." Meantime, I had gone on ahead of her some distance; and then, recalling the great-hearted Sister



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Phoebe whom I knew yonder in the hills of West Virginia, I trudged back through the rain and dropped an offering into the box of the vendor of shoestrings in memory of Sister Phoebe who, here and there, thrives on and on in the distinction unique—"in the Lord."

Greatness Without Publicity

Would you, inasmuch as I am in a spiritually exhibiting mood, like to gaze a little at another of my memory jewels? Very well; here is another sample of the spiritually illustrious. A teacher-friend of mine is speaking of a mutual friend of both of us: "No one who ever came in touch with her could ever forget her devotion to her friends, her strong common sense, her tact in dealing with all types of people; her humor, which came only from a sound and happy heart; her love of music and poetry, and the finer things of life; and above all, her forgetfulness of self in the service of others." So finely said is this that it may be fittingly climaxed with the words Dr. George Herbert Palmer appropriately applied to his noble wife: "An incidental greatness characterized her unconsidered ways."

Incidental greatness, mark you, is not accidental

greatness; while it may not be strong in the art of publicity, incidental greatness can by no means merely happen, being just a sort of fortuitous bursting forth of universal law and order, such as the philosophy of atheism bases its big words and small thinking upon. No; incidental greatness unmistakably belongs; it follows the law of cause and effect; even in one's unconsidered words and acts, something speaks out of the deep interiors of life—genuine, convincing, indefinable; yet commanding, rather than asking, respect; spiritually heightening like distant, snow-crowned summits; morally hygienic as cleansing winds, sweet with the tang and tune of the sea.

One August day at Plymouth, Massachusetts, I came across these words of Theodore Parker: "God is infinite; therefore, he is immanent in nature, yet transcending it; immanent in spirit, yet transcending that. He must fill each point of spirit as of space; matter must unconsciously obey; man, conscious and free, has power to a certain extent to disobey, but, obeying, the immanent God acts as much in man as in nature." I consider this a rare and fine expression of the divine immanence and transcendence, including as it does, the whole universe. If measurably true, even—and it is perhaps truer than we can conceive—it sets forth my own conviction for my faith in the supreme distinction of Sister Phoebe, who, after all, is "in the Lord."

III

Sister Phoebe reveals the truth of humanized opportunity. "And that ye assist her in whatsoever matter she may have need." Like every mortal, she needs help—help to carry on the vast and intricate business of living; she needs help in playing her part in society; she needs help in the matter of self-realization—in unpacking the invisible and yet severely practical goods with which her trunk of being has been meticulously packed. For one person is no person—at best, only an emaciated, ingrown, unideal outline of humanity. In a universe of social energies and forces, whose amazing texture is sewn together, by electronic needles, from stars to atoms, the human individual must have, also, that finished and finishing completion which comes alone through the process of giving and receiving on the part of every mortal.

Yet, while this is an obvious side of social philosophy, it is not the major fact, relative to Sister Phoebe, with which I am immediately concerned. Through her being at once implicit and explicit with humanized opportunity, I mean that she is unquestionably one of the divine methods whereby, in assisting her, we most meaningfully assist ourselves. Aha! Enlightened selfishness? So be it—to the glory of God! If persisted in, it will lighten a vast deal of the unenlightened selfishness actually cursing the race. Just here, it seems to me, the more deeply mortals venture beyond the surface into the centers of life, the more amazingly does life itself yield up those precious values which enrich and hallow, strengthen and clarify all individual, national, and international well-being.

Perhaps some words from two thinkers—one French, one Italian—will lend an edge to a truth which really carries its own edge. "Man," says Conde, "has measured the distance from the earth to the stars. He has weighed them; he has even analyzed their composition. Man has also made war. I know of no more striking symbol of disparity than of this creature who is capable, at the same time, of so much genius and so much stupidity." Accepting this as a statement of the paradox man undeniably is, do you not see, at once, that no solution is offered? By setting two contrasts, two extremes, over against each other, we are not necessarily making any mental and moral mileage. A problem may be stated with all the precision of mathematical accuracy without having the slightest corresponding and compensating moral light whatsoever.

The Difficult Virtues

Let us turn now to the words of Ferrero, the Italian scholar: "One truth dominates all history—it is easier to make war than peace. Everything can be made use of in waging war—even the vilest passions of the human soul—hatred, vanity, fear, vengeance, rivalry. To make peace, one must possess difficult virtues—wisdom, moderation, justice, foresight." Is it not our due to heartily thank the historian for the very characteristics that shine through the soul of Sister Phoebe? And what are they? Why, the difficult virtues—patience, moderation, foresight, wisdom, sacrifice, service, humanity! Not the easy virtues, which so quickly degenerate into destructive vices, but the difficult virtues—which burn like flame, cleanse like wind, refresh like water, sweeten like air, and create like the Spirit of God.

The sooner, therefore, those who name the name of Christ, as well as those who name that name in vain, close with the "difficult virtues" and highly resolve to live and die by them, the surer shall come the kingdom of God among men and nations. For Sister Phoebe unmistakably symbolizes what I call humanized opportunity in the most compelling sense. She needs assistance that she may become her own best individual and social self—indisputably so; but moreover, and chiefly, she offers me the opportunity of serving myself, approaching an ever-unfolding Christian realism and idealism, through assisting her and the holy things of which she is the authentic embodiment.

Revelation

I MADE a pilgrimage to find the God:
I listened for His voice at holy tombs,
Searched for the print of His immortal feet
In dust of broken altars: yet turned back
With empty heart. But on the homeward road
A great light came upon me, and I heard
The God's voice singing in a nestling lark;
Felt His sweet wonder in a swaying rose;
Received His blessing from a wayside well;
Looked on His beauty in a lover's face;
Saw His bright hand send signals from the suns.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

"Living Newspapers"

By Thomas F. Opie

Written not with ink . . . but on tablets of the human heart. 2 *Corinthians* 3:3.

IN ADDRESSING the Corinthians, Paul refers to his converts to Christianity as "living epistles," written "not with ink," but upon "tablets of the human heart," which are "known and read of all men." Dr. James Moffatt, in his new translation, puts it, "You are my certificate . . . a letter of Christ which I have been employed to inscribe . . . read by all men." Paul writes of the law of Moses, "engraved in letters of stone," and "invested with glory"; and he adds, "But we all mirror the glory of the Lord."

As a letter reflects the true character of the writer, so does the life upon which God has engraven his spirit, mirror and reflect something of the beauty and the majesty of Jehovah! Men read us like a book! They read us as they read a daily paper! They see written upon our countenance and upon our personal character the things which have impressed themselves upon our minds and hearts. They see the marks of greed and gluttony and selfism or else they see the marks of goodness, truth and beauty. We are indeed living newspapers, setting forth the news of our own inner lives and of our true individual character. Like the daily paper, we are in truth "known and read of all men."

Cross-Sections of Life

Now the daily paper is a graphic and absorbing cross-section of American life. There are the news columns, the social columns, the editorial columns. There are also sports and athletic departments, comic strips of humor, courts and trials, markets and trade sections and the general advertising space. The newspaper represents life in many aspects, and it affords some interesting analogies.

How would you like to have the daily acts of your private life set forth on the front page of the daily paper? Could your personal conduct stand the pitiless publicity? Would there be any place for nobility before breakfast? Would there be frequent reference to acts of sacrifice and kindness, much mention of love and deeds of altruism and community enterprise? Is there any place in the average daily program for concerted action in behalf of the underprivileged and the poor and the prisoner and the lonely, during the morning hours? Would there be anything worthy of honorable mention in the afternoon and evening hours? What is the news in your daily life's paper? If we are really living epistles and animate newspapers to be read by friends and the public generally, what kind of reading do we afford? Is God actually mirrored in our daily conduct and demeanor? Or are we a mere "sensation"? Do we inspire the reader to new endeavor and to hope and a good courage? Or do we set an example of the way not to spend one's life? Give God and humanity a place in every hour of every day, and the record will be lasting and worthy.

> This hour—this hour a chalice. Unto its golden cup
> We have poured our love; for there be not one man
> Who may honestly disclaim that he hath taken within
> His heart, God—mayhap to refuse him an abiding place—
> But his shadow hath rested upon him.

Look now at the social news columns. "Social" has to do with the community, with other people. What are your relations to others? That is important. Not how many parties have you given. Not who was present, and how dressed! But what is your daily treatment of people—those in the home; neighbors next door; acquaintances on the street; guests and family in the house? Are your manners good? Is your disposition cordial? Are you kindly and affectionate? Do you care anything about making others happy? Do you call on the stranger?

True Pictures

Suppose your picture were published in the social columns of the daily paper—not your picture at your best, all smiles and pleasantness; but suppose it were snapped when you were out of humor; when you were talking about your neighbors, or repeating some bit of gossip; or when you had lost your temper, or done something else that was unworthy! Well, your picture may not get into the paper, but your friends see the kind of person you are, in your relations to others. Is your social life kindly and worthy and really Christian? What kind of a "picture" do you take, and what impression do you make in your social contacts?

Then there is the editorial section of the daily paper, the "thinking" department. Here is revealed what the editor is thinking from day to day. About what does he think? In the realm of education, politics, religion, national problems, civic matters, world affairs? You know the editor by his editorials. You know whether he is broad, tolerant, thoughtful, community-minded or narrow and selfish. You know whether he is limited and biased and crabbed—optimistic and aspiring or pessimistic and grouchy. You know whether he is a big man with big ideas or whether he is just about the size of the dot of an "i."

Few People Think

But what of your thinking? Some people do not think. I had almost said, most people do not think. One day I ventured the remark that only about five people in five thousand really think for themselves. A college president, hearing the statement, remarked, "You are an optimist! Not one in five thousand thinks for himself." I fear this is true, particularly in religious matters. If you have not thought out your own philosophy of religion, look for the props to fall from under, sooner or later! Nothing pays so well in this world, in the currency of golden satisfaction, as does thinking.

Why are we muddled? Lack of thought. Why are

we unable to meet the issues of life? Because we have not thought them out for ourselves. Why are great sections of the country slaves to cotton or to tobacco or some other single staple product? Because they have not given agriculture sufficient thought and seen the dread necessity of diversifying their crops. Why does the world go to war every now and again? Because the nations are too lazy or too indifferent or too unbalanced to think out constructive methods of peace and to apply them. So long as we think in terms of war—we shall have war! The nations are now beginning to think more in terms of peace than ever before, and a peace psychology, which is a peace thinking, is well along in the making.

Suppose the public were reading your thoughts as they do a daily editorial, what food for thinking would

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they get? Parents, teachers, preachers, business men, professional men—what is the subject of your thoughts? "As a man thinketh, so is he." You are going the way you are thinking. And many others, too, are going the way you are thinking. Think like a dyspeptic, and things look yellow and dull and grey. Think in terms of beauty and happiness and nobility, and the world looks beautiful and glorious. "Let this thinking be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

Play in Life

Again, there are the sports, courts, markets and trade sections of the paper. These represent people's play and recreation; troubles and predicaments; business activities and transactions with others and the world generally. We ought to play more than we do. Some people deny this, but the best physicians and experts in psychology and sociology all assert that we need to learn how to play. We need to know how to relax, to revert, to get diversion and refreshment; to forget work and worry and business for a while. What kind of sports and play are you interested in? And what kind of a sportsman are you? How do you play the game? That is where true character is revealed!

I am as a little child before a gateway,
With a magic key within my hand.
I have come to the end of a long road,
And am a little weary—and I want to play!—
I would fling my arms wide and drink deep—
And forget how long, long, long the road!
This is not complaining! This is only hoping, Lord!—
I want to play!

And our troubles! How do we face them? And how do they happen to come? Why are we in trouble? How does a man happen to be in court or in jail? The things that one is thinking and doing secretly will lead him into trouble, if they are not worthy of Christ-following men and women.

You, as You Really Are

As to business relations, how do your customers appraise you? How do your employes, your patients, your business associates estimate you? Are you prompt, courteous, thoughtful, just? Fraternal, cordial and humane? Are you honest, even to your own hurt? If the finance editor, or the markets and trades editors were at liberty to watch us in our daily business hours and in the midst of stress and strife, and were to "write us up" and picture us just as we are, would we be proud of the pen-sketch? What inherent "value" would they place upon us? Would we be quoted "below par," or at a premium? What of your personal "stock"?

And now we come to those comic sections of the paper! Thank God for the things that make us laugh; for all the wholesome, clean things that appeal to a real sense of the laughable and the risible! God give us a higher sense of humor! Johnny asked at the funeral, "Daddy, which one is the undertaker and which one is the preacher?" God help the parson who is without a sense of humor and who goes among his people looking like a pickled gall-bladder! One of the first things that I scan in the daily paper (I admit that I am making what to some may be a terrible confession!) is the comic strip! Look at Old Andy Gump! Why, his daily antics and his keen philosophy of life are better than many sermons! And look at little Skeezix and Uncle Walt! How human and wholesome and mirth-provoking! If you feel yourself getting too cloud-minded and sepulchral, pick up the paper each day of your life and follow the whimsicalities of Little Orphan Annie, or The Gumps, or Bringing Up Father!

The Place of Comedy

Can you laugh at a good joke, without feeling that you have lowered your dignity, or committed a cardinal

crime? Can you tell a good, clean story for the mere humor of it? Or are these things "beneath your respectability"? If they are, watch out. Can you say that your own personal sense of humor has gone to seed? Or is it still flowering in full-bloom mirth? Praise God for the "town wit" and for the wag who knows how to tell a good story—and who knows when to stop!—and when not to tell one!

Let us now see what we can get from the advertising sections of the paper. The advertising sections are the best-paying departments of the newspaper. But for the big display ads, the paper could not exist. Your subscription fee does not pay for the white paper on which the news is printed. It is the advertisements that pay. What are you advertising? A good many of us advertise the church on Sunday, but during the week we advertise something else.

The Whole Story!

Here is summed up the whole story: the news, the daily acts of our life; the social conduct of our daily intercourse; the things about which we are thinking from day to day; all our activities in recreation, in distress and in business contacts—these are all summed up in *what we advertise!* That is, what we call attention to, by mannerism, by temperament and by disposition; by word of mouth, by thought and deed of action; by conduct, character and general impression of personality and attitude. We are all "advertisers," even the most modest and retiring of us! To "advertise" means simply to "turn attention to." Are you advertising God's stock of goods or the devil's own?

Does anyone look at us and think of Jesus? Does any one listen to us and think of Jesus? Does anyone watch us in private and business life and think of Jesus? If not, what right have we to call ourselves "Christians"? The world is at odds with itself today because we are advertising spurious stuff! Many are representing a different show from the one in which they are playing their parts! "The hands are the hands of Jacob—but the voice is the voice of Esau"!

If to be a Christian today really meant to advertise Christ and the things for which he stands—on Monday as well as on Sunday; to advertise justice and kindness and truth, and peace and friendship and fraternity, and humor and industry and virtue—to hold up only the highest and holiest ideals in our daily life—then, what a world this would be! We should not have to wait until some "far off divine event" for the coming of the kingdom of God. It would be here now! "Ye are living epistles to be read of all men"—you are indeed a walking edition of a living newspaper! Do you proclaim the "gospel"—the "God-News"—to all mankind? Reading you, do men come better to understand God?

I would not send a call
  Like a clarion across the day;—
Nor wield a sword, defending!

Rather would I be calm, secure, serene, assured—
  Dealing mercy—yea, and understanding.
    This is a holier task.

"Friends"

By George A. Buttrick

I have called you friends. John 15:15.

THIS is the new-old name Jesus gave to his disciples—"friends." This the title of honor he bestowed. This the white flower by which the world might know that they had taken vows higher than those of the world: "I have called you friends." I think Jesus spoke "in low deep tones, and simple words of great authority." I think he knighted them with this name—"friends." The Quakers by a fine instinct have concluded that the Christian church ought to be called "The Society of Friends."

We would not be straining language if we were to say that a crucial choice for each of us is whether we shall live our lives as friend or foe. The upcropping of that issue, the realization that we must face and settle it, is the mark of our maturity. A baby is not troubled with the problem of human relationships. He does not question whether his attitude to people shall be kindly or hostile. He gives signals—sometimes very noisy signals—and his wish is fulfilled. This world is an enchanted island where everything is his for the mere desiring. But as time goes on some of his signals lose their magic. He may stretch his hand for the moon; but he is not given the moon. He may wake in the night and try to push away the darkness, but the darkness does not yield for all his pushing. He finds himself in a universe which seems appallingly indifferent to his covetings.

A still sharper disillusionment awaits him. If he is fortunate enough to have brothers and sisters he discovers that he cannot imperiously demand every attractive object for his own "to have and to hold." His brothers may demand the same object at the same time. There is a clash of wills. There is a storm attended by both rain and thunder. Those of you who have children know with what difficulty we humans, when we are growing, adjust ourselves to the fact that there are other wills, and that other wills may be focused on the treasure we covet, and that sometimes there is not enough of the treasure to "go around." Abraham Lincoln was once seen with a small and unruly boy on either hand. They were fighting each other, as much as Lincoln's firm grip would let them, across his body. "What's the matter?" somebody asked. "Just what's the matter with the whole world," he answered; "I have three nuts in my pocket, and each boy wants two."

Some people never grow up. They still think they can have anything they covet. They grab everything they desire. They have a grudge against the universe because some of their wishes are cheated. These are the adult babies. Some of them are kings. Some of them are builders of battleships. A good many of them play the stock market—adult babies who cause all kinds of tragic storms by their greediness! But others have grown up: they have faced the issue. What

of this conflict of wills? they have asked. Shall we trample on our comrades of earth to gain our ends? Or shall we—? There is the other strange alternative. It was spoken by that strange Man who once lived in Galilee, whom, somehow or other, Galilee has never been able to hold. "Seek the other man's joy," he said. Nobody had ever before with so stark a mind stated that other way; but he stated it. "Seek the other man's joy," he said. "Bruise yourself, if need be,

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for your neighbor's peace. Who knows?—you may find your own peace in no other way." That was his revolutionary program in face of the clash of wills: "I have called you friends."

Today's Hostilities

We are living in an age when, by reason of inventive skill, the potencies of both friendship and hostility have been immeasurably increased. Has another man's will cut across yours, and are you resolved that in the conflict of wills your will shall prevail? You can take that man "for a ride"—to use the gentle phrase of the racketeer. A few years ago you could not have taken him for a ride: there were no automobiles. Now you could throw a violently fatal powder on his cities from the sky. You could poison his wells and rivers with germs. This terror of hostility is of recent date: our age has made hostility diabolical: our inventions have presented us with a crisis in human relationships—a crisis which none could overstate.

But, by the same token, these discoveries of science are potent for friendship. Your racketeer's automobile could be a faster ambulance, your aeroplane could carry serum to ward off disease, your germs become an inoculation for health, your electricity and ether could fill the air with messages of goodwill. Friend or foe—Christ or Cæsar? That issue has always confronted mankind. It is *the* issue of our relationship with God. But the age has given it a sharper thrust than ever before—this dangerous and blessed age, this diabolic-angelic age, this accursed and most glorious age. In our kind of a world we cannot temporize: it must be Christ or Cæsar.

Yet most of us try to evade the choice. We are not interested in people, it would appear, as much as we are interested in things. Dr. John Wright Buckman has lately observed that the Encyclopedia Britannica, which may be taken as a representative work, devotes one hundred and forty-six columns to electricity and only seventy columns to ethics; sixty-eight columns to iron and steel, and only one and one-half columns to personality; eighty-three columns to reptiles, and twenty-nine columns—including illustrations—to religion; fifty-one columns to infinitesimal calculus and twenty-two columns to Christ. We let the convicting figures speak for themselves.

Hunger for Friendship

Meanwhile, in this kind of a world, a world quivering with life and death, and in the midst of this absorption with things, everybody hungers for friendship. It is good for a man to be alone, but it is not good for him to be too much alone. He must invade other lives in love, and his own life must be invaded. This interpenetration, this mirroring of faces in other faces, is not a luxury: it is a necessity. "Every man passes his life in a search for friendship," says Emerson. "Our chief want is somebody who shall make us do what we can." "That," he adds, "is the service of a friend." I read the other day of a homespun statement of the same truth. Old Maggie has been for years very frequently in her cups. She was sent into the country so that in quietness and away from temptation she might find healing. But she found no healing, and soon she was back in the city in her former haunts. Why had she not been content to live among trees? she was asked. "People *is* better than stumps!" she said. "People *is* better than" stars, or iron and steel, or the infinitesimal calculus, or stocks and bonds! Marriage at its best is but a sacrament of friendship, and if man and wife are not chums, as well as man and wife, their love at last will be an empty shell. Parenthood at its best is but a sacrament of friendship: it was said of Charles Silvester Horne that he had had seven children and that he himself was "always the youngest of them." The deepest craving is for a perfect Friend, one out of sight, and then for some human friendship which, though broken, is yet God's best channel. Just because of our absorption in things, and just because this deeper craving will not down, this age is for many people as lonely an age as the old planet has seen.

"But I have called you friends." He alone had full right to use the title. He alone can trace for us what friendship means.

We hear him speak: "The slave knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends." So

speaking, he placed his probing finger on the sore of slavery, on the pain that makes it slavish. It is not that the slave's back is torn with a lash; not that he is underfed and overworked. (Men have welcomed hunger and the lash in a high crusade.) His slavery is that he is denied friendship. He works at a bench, and knows nothing of his master's mind, nothing of his aims, nothing of his profits, nothing of his hopes. Or he is a soldier fighting in his trench, with no inkling of the plan of campaign. Or he is a sailor press-ganged on board ship, and kept ignorant both of the port towards which he sails and of the purpose of the voyage. Men do not feel degraded by hardship; they feel degraded when other men use them as tools. They are degraded when their power to sympathize with a great cause is denied, when their gift for friendship in a common cause is thwarted. Friendship is an equality of spirit; it is the glad honoring of human worth. It cannot "use" another for either gain or pleasure. Mark that phrase of Jesus—mark it for industry and for life—"The slave knoweth not what his master doeth."

Now notice another word from him on friendship: "All things I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." That also is friendship: the sharing of the best of mind and heart. "All things I have heard of my Father"—that is the best; "made known unto you"—that is the sharing. Two coals apart will cool to ashes; two coals together make a fire. So when life is laid alongside life, in friendship, a splendor is kindled. The shy thought is spoken, friend to friend, and loveliness of spirit disclosed. A friend admitted lately that she tried to write poetry; and—would we read this sonnet? She feared it was unworthy; but that ruined abbey she had seen in moonlight had no other language but poetry. So we read:

Thy wounded walls are healed in moonlight mist.

A friend had betrayed an unsuspected loveliness of mind! And not only is the shy thought spoken, but the courageous thought. Slavery was defeated in America when some unknown friend said to his friend for the first time and in secret: "Whatever everybody else may think, that system is wrong." Thus crusades are born! The dangerous thought, the at-first radical thought, is spoken in friendship's hidden shrine. Kindled on that altar it shines at last across a world.

Sharing of the Best

A sharing of the best, not a sharing of the worst. That latter sometimes goes by the name of friendship, but it is really friendship's shame, the prostitution of friendship. The friends of Jesus were not on guard against him. He was always gentle, yet true. He was always reassuring, yet never deceived. "Courage!" He would say to them—that word was a favorite word with him—"courage!"—and they were girded again for the battle! He had nicknames for them. Did he not call John and James "the sons of thunder"? And did not Peter take fresh grip on life when he called him "the rock"? He unveiled them to themselves, but without condemnation. He knew that beneath all their shuffling and insincerity there was a yearning for the soul's honor, an inextinguishable craving for a friend. He also craved their friendship. He told them that they were "yoke-fellows" with him; told them how he had made double-yokes when he was a carpenter, and that they and he were pulling at the same load. They must carry it right away—this dark load of human sin! He revealed his best; they revealed their best. Jesus was a Savior just because he was a friend; he could have been a Savior in no other way.

Thus are we led to his crowning word about friendship: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. There friendship proves itself—in the crisis of sacrifice. We use theological language about the cross of Jesus: we speak about the "doctrine of atonement" and the "substitutionary theory." We forget that the truest thought about the cross may be just the simplest thought: that on Calvary Jesus proved his friendship.

Love in Sacrifice

A man cannot turn aside from the soul's verities; and sometimes a man can keep his treasure only by taking it with him into the dark adventure of pain and death. Besides, people are slow in imagination—love does not win them, but love poured out in sacrifice; courage does not constrain them, but courage dying for a truth. Besides, there were many friends for whom he must show his love: there was that little grafter, Zaccheus—how he had straightened up when Jesus had said concerning him, "For he also is a son of Abraham"! And there was Mary, of blemished life—her frozen heart had become a garden when he had assured her: "Thy sins have been forgiven thee; go into peace." And there were the twelve. Well, there seemed no other way. He would have liked to live. He wished that the "cup" might "pass." But he must die. "Greater love hath no man than this" . . .

What does it mean, this wood
So stained with blood,
This tree without a root
That bears such fruit,
This tree without a leaf
So leaved with grief?

Though fool, I cannot miss
The meaning this,
My sins' stupendous price
His sacrifice
Where closest friendships end,
One Friend! My Friend!

And he has called *us* friends! The people who live about you, who walk with you this journey of mortality—will you "use" them for your own desires, or will you sink your own desires for their peace? Friend or foe, Christ or Cæsar? There are some people—the saving few among the careless many—who walk with him and talk with him. They wake in the morning to meet him, they toil with him all day, and trudge homeward with him tired but at peace. They look at a factory, and see suddenly over its bricks the words: "But I have called you friends." They look at some cartoon in the "yellow" press, a cartoon made of that malice and ambition of which wars are made, and

through the cartoon a Face appears: "But I have called you friends." These know the secret of living: they have within themselves the evident fount of joy. Which is it to be, Christ or Cæsar? Tomorrow in your business—the trampling instinct or the brotherly mood? In your home or in your thinking on the vast affairs of nations, which is it to be? Friend or foe?

This the new-old name he gave them! This the title he bestowed! This the white flower they must wear to show the world that they were his! "I have called you friends."

The God Who Hides His Face

By Victor Emanuel Reichert

Thou can'st not see my face; for man shall not see me and live. Exodus 33:20.

ONE of the saddest truths that we discover as we grow into maturity is the elusive nature of ultimate reality. The world may become for us more familiar and more homelike as the years ripen about our heads but our wisdom remains surface wisdom and our knowledge is only the knowledge of externals. We grow aware of the moods of nature, we come to recognize the infinite variety of trees and flowers. Some of us can name the bones and tissues of our bodies and trace the vast concourse of the stars. We give ourselves erudite titles. We are called physicians and astronomers, theologians and biologists. But for all that, we are not a whit wiser as to the ultimate mysteries that hem us in from dawn till sunset, from waking to sleeping, from birth to death. How well did the great American sage, Emerson, express this thought, when he wrote:

"We dwell on the surface of nature. We dwell amidst surfaces; and surface laps so closely on surface, that we cannot easily pierce to see the interior organism."

Even as modern philosophers and scientists have had painfully to face this bitter truth of the unfathomable nature of reality, even as they have had to admit that life pursued to its secret lair will disclose no final answer, so too does Scripture record an ancient rebuke to that great hero of Israel's yesterday, Moses. The mighty liberator wishes to know the nature of that mysterious Presence which will go with him and show him the way. But the cryptic answer returns: "Thou can'st not see me and live. . . . My face shall not be seen."

We need not approach this remarkable dialogue between God and Moses in the spirit of a biblical antiquarian. There are too many suggestive human applications here for us to dissect this passage with dusty fingers. One great and majestic truth rises out of this thirty-third chapter of Exodus, a thought which has been the strength and glory of Jewish teaching—*our God is a God who hides his face!*

PACIFIC SCHOOL

"Apprehending" God

There is something inexpressibly profound and stirring in this conception of God. Other religions have been unwilling to part with their human deities, have always insisted on personalizing the conception of deity—on making God tangible. Other religions have insisted upon a God who could be seen and completely apprehended. It is natural and forgivable frailty, you may say, that men should wish for a complete and

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unobscured vision of God. The "glory of God" is too insubstantial. The "presence of God" is too fleeting and shadowy. The "goodness of God" is too vague and abstract. Men want a concrete, human deity. They want a God who will walk with them, whose hands they can touch for healing, whose beatific face they can gaze upon with rapture, reverence, and awe. Hence the image-making. Hence the man-made gods. Hence the idols!

But the Jewish teaching was not easy. It demanded of Moses, and it demands of Jews today, the sturdy quality of mind and heart that will accept and revere, that will worship and love, that will adore and serve a God who hides his face!

What happens to us when we come to understand this ultimate riddle of the highest truth in life, which is God? How may we respond to a God who hides his face?

In the first place, there is the attitude of the average man who like Topsy has just grown up carelessly in the world. Indifference marks his demeanor. He

is idly concerned with all the wonder and beauty and mystery which he encounters. Perhaps as a child he wondered and wished for answers. Perhaps there was a time when he wanted to know why the grass was green and the flowers were fragrant. Perhaps, early in his life, the song of a bird filled him with a strange awareness of untutored miracle. But that was long ago. Gradually he has become insensate and dull. His response is the reaction of the dullard and the clod. He has ceased to question. He takes life for granted. It is so much easier. His interests are casual and shallow. He is indifferent.

Denying God's Reality

Then there is the attitude of the skeptic and the cynic. There was a time when the lure of a God who hides his face tempted his imagination; but having lost his way in the riddle of life, he concludes hastily and dogmatically that life is without meaning, purposeless and void. His attitude is one of negation and satire. He is an arrested intellectual whose doubt has degenerated into dogma. He does not know; but he thinks it virtuous to remain in his doubt. He questions God's goodness and glory, not because he hopes to stumble upon some manifestation of that presence and truth, but in order to deny it reality. He says he believes only what he sees, and since he sees only surfaces he questions what may be deep beneath. He lives in a world of sensations and senses, but he lacks that imaginative and intuitive appreciation which alone brings order and form, beauty and truth, to the things which are manifest and evident in the world of appearance.

Finally, there is the attitude of affirmation which gives one the will and the purpose of faith to follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of time and space. This is the way a devout and pious Jew looks at life. Though he knows that his God is a God who hides his face, he accepts that majestic truth with joy and courage. He does not sulk and fret like a spoiled darling. Life, for him, is a great, mysterious adventure. His religion is the adventurous questing of his mind and heart after the abiding truth. For he knows that every immortal ideal is infinite and inexhaustible. Gladly he turns from the beauties that blossom and perish to speak the triumphant word of Jewish prophecy:

> The grass withereth, the flower fadeth;
> But the word of our God shall stand forever.

Adventure After Reality

He knows that many noble minds have revered and expressed truth, but no one of them has ever finally formulated it. He knows that revelation is continuous. He knows that beauty has been chiseled on stone and bronze, that it has been captured on many a glowing canvas, that it has been expressed in undying melody and exquisite poetry and prose, but that it may always be recreated in new forms whenever genius stumbles upon it. He knows that goodness is as old and true and useful as the race, that many men and women have embodied this insubstantial and shadowy reality in their lives and teachings. These too are the deathless realities that hide their faces! We may never finally, completely know them. But we can adventure after them, we can be seekers! We can lift ourselves from those petty cares and confusions of daily life to the hills of vision which hold the promise of divine strength.

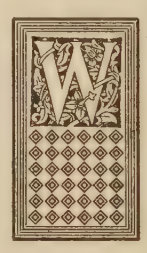
Is not this the great lesson and admonition of our God who hides his face—hides his face so that we may be brave for life, so that we may bring our idealism and heroism and sympathy to this riddle of existence? Not indolently to move through the years, not skeptically to deny virtue and beauty; but with reverence and love to seek at the dawn and at the eventide that God who forever hides his face:

> Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blest abode,
> But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the road.

A Garden Sermon

By F. C. Hoggarth

"One is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else in the world."



HEN I walk out of my house into my garden," wrote Alexander Smith," I walk out of my habitual self, my everyday thoughts * * * Its gate gives entrance to another kingdom, with its own interests and incidents. It is a place of escape and of peace." That this is so is one of a garden's charms. Once a man is deeply engaged in his garden, the world is far away, and he is secure from its hustling life. A place of escape and of peace is at all times desirable, and to have one set at one's door is a priceless possession. For life needs refuges and sanctuaries. It needs frequent changes of occupation and of interest. If these can be found at hand, as they can be in a garden, it is great gain.

Gardens have their own internal suggestions of the Infinite. My garden is small, says one, a few yards square, but it is miles deep. What depth of mystery and wonder is there even in a small plot of grass! To Jeffries every blade of grass was an inscription of hope. In it was to be found the conquest of death, and because it lived it was greater than all the Alps. "I cannot," wrote Ruskin, "explain to you what a deep element of life, for me, is in the sight of pure sunshine on a bank of living grass; more than any pathetic music, more than any artful colors, more than any merely material thing visible to these old eyes in earth or sky." Deep beyond all telling is that power of life and the untutored selection of light rays which gives greenness to the grass and colors to the flowers. It is one of nature's secrets—God's secret.

Who Makes Gardens?

Yet were we asked who created the garden, the inevitable reply would be, God and man. The heavens

the hills, the sea, bear no human impress. Man hears the question, "Where wast thou when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" and knows his littleness. In the garden he regains his dignity. There he is a fellow worker with the Creator. He also presides over the forces of life and brings new things to birth. The garden is the work of his fingers and of his heart; for flowers, we have been told, do not grow well except in the gardens of those who love them.

F. C. Hoggarth

This love of the true gardener is impressive. The gardener is a plant psychologist. He is versed in origins and aptitudes. Bulbs whose native habitat is in South Africa will be found on the highest ledge of the greenhouse, for the sake of maximum sunshine, that they may blossom beautifully in the winter-time. The diminutive Alpine plants have glass shields over them to protect them, not from frost, but from rain. In every case he endeavors to secure those conditions favorable to perfect development. With evident pride he conducts you from bloom to bloom, and the gentle query is often upon his lips, "What could be more perfect than these?" How wonderfully the flowers respond to the love of earth and of heaven!"

Few realize the realities of garden joys until they have actually shared them. They are difficult to communicate. Antecedently it would seem impossible that such deep joys should come through such simple means. Yet they do. That is the testimony of too many to be ignored or questioned. "Happy they who can create a rose or erect a honeysuckle," said the poet Gray. The words are still true. The so ancient calling of tilling and keeping the earth certainly has its own happy issues.

There are few delights like that of growing things. One feels a personal interest and responsibility for the things he grows. He wishes them to do well. He wants his flower children to be fine specimens. He learns their ways, their needs, their perils. He is at their side in their most need. As gardener he is a shepherd to his plants. And there is a joy in it all—simple yet very real—much more real than many more expensive pleasures.

Small Gardens

Nor is it necessary that the plants should be valuable or the garden large or even the grower expert. The joy may be known in a small garden, with a handful of commonplace seeds. Plant a row of parsley seeds or a box of mustard and cress, or after stripping leaves off mint you bought, put the refuse stems into the little garden, and you find you have struck a trail of interest and of joy. By those simple acts you have joined the most ancient and most dignified of all crafts. You have set your feet on a long trail, where there is no end of going—joys and discoveries and satisfactions beyond all telling wonderful.

Then there is something so quietly wholesome and peaceful and restoring about garden tasks. They help you to slip back again into a happy state of mind, when perhaps it is well you should. They afford an opportunity of working off temper and irritability. It is said of one famous man, of a fiery disposition, that he used to go into his carpenter's shop to find an outlet for his temper. He took up some hard task, and with the energy generated by those inner fibers, carried through, with comparative ease, many a difficult bit of work. A garden may be quite as effective in that way as a carpenter's shop. "With a spade," says one writer, "I bury my bad moods, at the end of a hoe I work off the troubles of life."

Though there be but a few handfuls of earth on a bare rock, the place is not without possibility. It may have its revelation of beauty, its fragrance, its healing. Nature and her ministries of sun and air and dew and rain will be kind even to our square inches, and if we have vision it may become a veritable God's plot.

But we do not always have vision and we do not always see the possibilities. In one's own garden there is a proneness to discontent. If only the soil were kindlier or the plot more spacious or less exposed, then we might have a garden worthy the name. As it is, there is so much to contend with and the conditions are so far from ideal. At times other gardens put us out of love, for a time, with our own, and the discontent is not of the divine sort, for it has in it envy and other ill things. "Poor little plot," we say, as we think of the spaciousness and variety, the wealth of skill and of gold everywhere evident in these others.

Increasing One's Joy

Yet things may not be so unequal as they seem. In political economy there is a law of diminishing returns that holds good of gardens and of much else in life. The millionaire's sovereign buys less real pleasure than

the village child's shilling. To double the size of one's house or garden is not necessarily to increase one's joy. Fine and spacious grounds may to the owner be a smaller heritage than our humbler plot. Some get more happiness out of inches than others out of acres. If, however, we have no sufficient armor against discontent it is best not to lead ourselves into temptation. Better in that case visit gardens that will stir moods of gladness and gratitude, and places that will inspire one with the possibility of inches where beauty has been won from adversity.

Concerning Eversley, the parish where Kingsley did his best work, it has been said that "when God made the world all the rubbish was shot there, so strangely varied is its soil." Similar thoughts may have come to workers in other gardens in other parishes. In garden or in life there is always something to contend with, the conditions are never quite ideal—often very far from ideal. More than knowledge is therefore needed. Who would have a garden must be prepared for conflict, and, as in all conflicts, for unforeseen difficulties. Through disappointment and defeat must we sometimes at least be prepared to come to our conquests.

To have a garden at all is often no small achievement. Others do not always know how much toil goes for comparative little result. Gardens should always be judged by what the gardener starts with, and so judged even moderate results may be great victories.

The Adventure of Gardening

My first essay in gardening was a small neglected plot. Each time I drove in the spade it encountered stones and bricks and broken crockery. Just beneath the surface was a rubble pit. It was far from promising, but I determined to conquer. Two friends—both with considerable gardening experience—finding me out one evening, saw the need and helped for an hour; for there is a fine fraternity among gardeners. Even they had seen nothing quite so unpromising.

When at last it began to look more like a garden, it was dishearteningly prolific of weeds. Only as one began to work at it did the real nature and stubbornness of the ground reveal itself. As we explored, it seemed to grow worse; yet in the end came our harvest—instead of weeds, flowers, and in place of rocks, tubers.

I have often thought there is something parallel to that in the gardening of life. The moment we begin the discipline and culture of ourselves, the revelation is disturbing. Beneath the surface all is not as it seemed. Yet the ground of all cultural hope is in the subsoil. Merely to look on the surface and plant such seeds as we think, having no depth of earth, is to destroy every hope of harvest. Once, however, we have faced the worst and made a clearance there are splendid allies. Under cultivation the proneness to weeds grows weaker. "The way in which one plant keeps down another is a great mystery," yet a most welcome truth. There is a possibility of crowding out the weeds by growing worth-while things. Give the best chance and the worst will be starved. So is it in the gardening of life. "Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are true * * * think on these things." Cherish the loftiest and purest thoughts, and the baser meaner growths will be crowded out of the heart.

To get down to the deep layers, the reserves, makes for renewal—fruitfulness. In life that is the thing that stands out—just the possibility of the depths—the wealth and potentiality of good hidden there. There is life's most precious hope, its final miracle, just the chance of renewal. In that subsoil of the heart, the sub-conscious, the human meets the divine, and with God all things are possible.

VERSE

Lo, I Am With You Always

WIDE fields of corn along the valleys spread;
The rain and dews mature the swelling vine;
I see the Lord in multiplying bread;
I see him turning water into wine;
I see him working all the works divine
He wrought when Salemward his steps were led;
The selfsame miracles around him shine;
He feeds the famished; he revives the dead;
He pours the flood of light on darkened eyes;
He chases tears, diseases, fiends away;
His throne is raised upon these orient skies;
His footstool is the pave whereon we pray.
Ah, tell me not of Christ in Paradise,
For he is all around us here today.

JOHN CHARLES EARLE.

True Brotherhood

GOD, what a world, if men in street and mart
Felt the same kinship of the human heart
Which makes them, in the face of fire and flood,
Rise to the meaning of True Brotherhood.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Victory of Peace

YE that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life:
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you the priceless dower
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour,
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of darkness take their flight;
I saw the morning break."

OWEN SEAMAN.

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

AS THESE words are being written the senate is debating the London Naval Treaty and baiting the President to make public his confidential correspondence connected with the negotiation of the treaty. Mr. Hoover has declined to do so, on the ground that the files contain nothing relevant to the character of the treaty, but do contain informal characterizations and tentative proposals which, like oral conversations in the course of any diplomatic negotiation, must be confidential if negotiations are ever to ripen into an agreement. The President has expressed a willingness to give this correspondence to every individual senator in the same confidence as that in which he himself possesses it. But the extremists, led by Senator Hiram Johnson, refuse to receive it on these terms. The outcome of this apparent deadlock will, no doubt, be known before these words reach our readers. Meantime it is well to bear in mind that Senator Johnson's bitter opposition has other than big navy convictions to actuate it. A bitter enemy of Mr. Hoover in the state politics of California, and holding international views uncongenial with those of the President, Mr. Johnson, though he was the ranking republican member of the foreign relations committee, was passed over by the President when the London delegation was appointed, and Senator Reed of Pennsylvania was named instead. Johnson well knows that his day as senator will surely end with his present term unless he can win a spectacular victory at Washington over his fellow Californian. He is thus driven to use every kind of device to accomplish his purpose. Mr. Hoover's handling of the situation is all that could be desired except in one respect: we could wish that he had—shall we say?—a touch of the dramatic gift necessary for an effective appeal to the people of the country. In the light of the senate's record with respect to international treaty-making it would seem that the possession of this gift, in at least a mild degree, by the President is essential if we are to make progress in our international relationships.

The Book of the Month

THE MODERN TEMPER. *By Joseph Wood Krutch. Harcourt, Brace and Company,* $2.50.

I AM one of those who like to know the worst that can be said about the things that I hold true. And having carefully read this book, I deliberately pronounce it the absolute worst that a cultivated thinker and fascinating writer can forcibly say about the things that make life worth living. In the same breath I wish, equally deliberately, to say that every minister in the land should read it. Until a minister knows that the kind of things said in this book *can* be said, he will be preaching in the dark. Mr. Krutch's analysis of the effects produced in the realm of human values by the scientific movement through the past half century is utterly devastating. When he is done, nothing remains that the heart of man may cherish. God, of course, goes. But man himself falls back into the bosom of that impersonal and meaningless nature with which science deals. All his cherished values are reduced to illusion. Love, courage, hope, morality, art, altruism—everything that invests man with dignity and importance withers away at the touch of modern science. Mr. Krutch claims to speak for the "modern temper," and to make explicit the disillusionment that has settled upon those who have come up, as he has, under the tutelage of our men of science—particularly our biologists, our anthropologists and our psychologists. The book is no harangue. Its tone is calm and grave. Every assertion and conclusion comes with measured deliberation. It is as if a master surgeon, knowing in advance that his patient was doomed, should skillfully remove one after the other every vital organ, leaving the patient dead. I, for one, am not disposed to question that Mr. Krutch's analysis is a fair reflection of the mood which has settled down in varying degrees of self-consciousness upon our time. To read this book will show any man precisely where the real battle line, not only of religion but of civilization, must now be drawn.

A Thought for the Month

THERE are three attitudes in which we may approach Jesus. One is the attitude of admiration. Another is the attitude of explanation. The third is the attitude of obedience. All men admire Jesus. He moves with such grace and poise and with such evident mastery among the sons of men that he charms all who behold him. Renan explained the moral influence of Jesus in terms of his power to charm people. But it is impossible for us to imagine ourselves telling Jesus that we admire him! Plainly such an attitude is not an adequate reaction to the kind of impression he has made upon us. No one can long stand in admiration before this Galilean figure without asking questions concerning him. More books have been written to explain Jesus, probably, than have been devoted to any other problem in science, or history, or divinity—more about Jesus than about God! The disciples of Jesus, through their creed, have used their special explanations of him as tests for membership in his church. If you accept a certain explanation of Jesus you may come in, if not you cannot be admitted. Yet even the most orthodox of us cannot imagine Jesus himself manifesting much of an interest if we undertook to tell him our creed concerning his person. He would surely turn away his face in sadness, if that were all that we could say. No attitude will satisfy him but obedience, the obedience of discipleship.

Charles Clayton Morrison

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